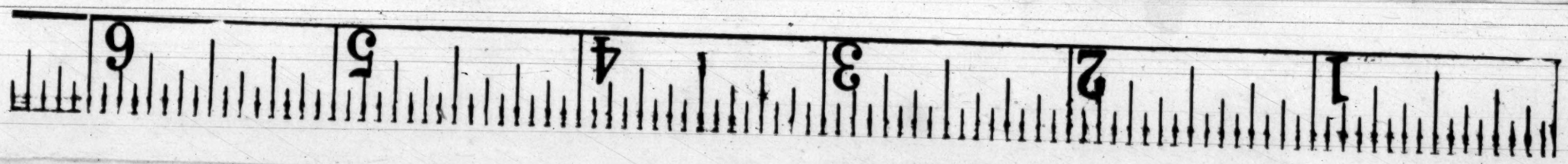A Skeltonicall Salutation,
Or condigne gratulation,
And iuſt vexation
Of the Spaniſh Nation,
That in a bravado,
Spent many a Cruſado,
In ſetting forth an Armado
England to invado.

Imprinted at London for
Toby Cooke.
1589.


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A SKELTONICAL salutation.

O KING of Spaine
Is it not a paine
To thy heart and braine,
And euery vaine,
To see thy traine
For to sustaine
Without en gaine
The words disdaine,
Which doth dispise
As toies and lies,
With shoutes and cries
Thy enterprise,
As fitter for pies,
And butter-flies,
Then men so wise?
O waspish King,
Where's now thy sting,
Thy dart, or sling,
Or strong bow-string,
That should vs wring,
And vnderbring,
Who euery way,
Thee bere and pay,
And beare the sway
By night and day,
To thy dismay,
In battle aray,
And every fray?
O puffe with pride,
What foolish guide
Made thee provide
To over-ride
This land so wide
From sloe to side,
And then vntride,

Away to ſlide,
And not to abide,
But all in a ring
Away to ſling?
O conquering,
O vanquiſhing
With faſt flying,
And no replying,
For feare of frying!
So hurt vs ſtil,
As oft as you wil,
So fight your fil,
So ſhew your ſkil,
So ſincke vs, and ſacke vs,
So burne vs, and wracke vs,
So cleaue vs, and cracke vs,
And rent vs, and racke vs,
Or if you will remaine
In Caſtile, or Spaine,
And not venture againe,
Our force to reſtraine,
If you ſo it pleaſe,
You ſhall take your eaſe,
To cure your diſeaſe,
You haue got by the ſeas.
And though we be poore,
We will come to your ſhore,
And knocke at your doore,
As oft heretofore.
And ſpare you the coſt,
Which of late you haue loſt,
When as you were toſt,
From piller to poſt,
To your ſmall boſt.
And caſt on the ſands,
And many Ilands,
Into your enemies hands,
And many a rocke,

With many a knocke,
For a laughing ſtocke,
And a ieſt, and a mocke.
But who but Philippus,
That ſeeketh to nip vs,
To rob vs, and ſtrip vs,
And then for to whip vs,
Would ever haue ment,
Or had entent,
Or hither ſent,
Such ſhips of charge,
So ſtrong and ſo large,
May the worſt barge,
Truſting to treaſon,
And not to reaſon,
Which at that ſeaſon,
To him was geſon,
As doth appeare,
Both plaine and cleare,
To far and neere,
To his confuſion,
By this concluſion,
Which thus is framed,
And muſt be named
Argumentum à minore.
Cum horrore & timore.
If one Drake o,
One poore ſnake o,
Make vs ſhake o,
Tremble and quake o,
Were it not trow yee,
A madnes for me,
To vndertake,
A warre to make,
With ſuch a lande,
That is ſo mande,
Wherein there be
Of certaintie,

As hungrie as he
Many a thouſand more,
That long full ſore
For Indian golde,
Which makes men bolde?
But you were blinde,
As now you finde,
Till in your kinde
You haue well taſted
How you are waſted,
With all your bragges,
Gennets, and naggges,
And mony baggés:
Whereof the moſt
The Iriſh coſt,
As a good hoſt,
Doth now poſſeſſe,
With thankefulneſſe,
And can no leſſe,
Than the time bleſſe,
That you ſet out,
And came about,
With all your route,
So proude and ſtoute.
But wo to the heart,
That feeling ſmart,
For iuſt deſart,
Growth woꝛſe and woꝛſe,
And God doth curſe,
And cannot repent,
But keepeth entent,
Come ſixe, oꝛ ſeven,
Come hell, oꝛ heaven,
To vndertake,
With all he can make,
A new invaſion,
At the Popes perſwaſion.
But Spaniard proud,

The Lorde hath vowde
He will defend,
Unto the end,
His Church and sheepe,
That his law keepe.
Wherefore to be short,
I thee exhort,
For thine owne comfort,
If witte thou haue,
Thincke him a knaue,
That doth advise
Such an enterprise:
For in this cause,
Our Faith and Lawes,
We will sell our liues,
Our landes, and wiues,
Too deere for thee,
Whensoever it be,
And ere it be long,
Make thee sing a song,
Of *O si sciviſſem*,
Me continuiſſem,
Et non feciſſem.
But now Pope blisse him,
And Mydas kisse him,
And so I dismisse him,
To his good Phisition,
Master Inquisition,
By whose disposition,
He taketh the diet,
That will him disquiet,
And turne vp-side downe,
(Which would make a man frowne)
Both kingdome, and crowne,
And fame and renowne,
And so sirs *valete*,
Et vobis cavete,
A medicis ignaris,

Chirurgis

Chirurgis avaris,
Meretrice Romana,
Insulsa, & insana,
Et factione Guisiana.
Except you be so expert,
That you can convert,
At your own pleasure,
Which were a great treasure,
The Lutheran seas,
Which doe you displease,
To be of your faction,
And toyne in your action.
Or some way can finde,
To master the winde,
Or else so to binde,
That it be to your minde.
And then *regnate,*
Et præ gaudio cacate,
Per omnia monasteria monachorum.

A Question annexed, touching our sea-fish, nourished with Spanish bloud.

BUt now must I call,
My contrymen all.
And you Scotsmen tall,
And Irish rugges.
That were such bugges,
To the Spanish pugges.
As never were seene,
With your skeynes so keene,
So bright and cleene.
To tell you a surmise,
That of late did rise,
Which is to advise,
With the learned and wise
Whether for this yeare,
It were not best to forbeare,

On

En ſuch fiſh to feede,
Which our coaſt doth breede,
Becauſe they are fed,
With carcaſes dead,
Here and there in the rockes,
That were full of the pockes.
For Philſtions hold,
As I am tolde,
Such is our blood,
Either bad or good,
In each degree,
As our aliments be:
Whereupon at this ſeaſon,
Some make this reaſon,
Sith our Cods, and our Tunger,
Haue filled their hunger,
With the heads, and feete,
Of the Spaniſh Fleete,
Which to them were as ſweete,
As a Gooſe to a Fore.
And ſeeing the pore,
Poſſeſſed each carkaſſe,
From the ſlaue to the Marqueſſe.
No man can avoide,
But he may be anoide,
If he make them his meate,
Be they little or great:
Except by ſome correction,
Or wholeſome confection,
And by art they be ſo vſed,
That they neede not be refuſed.
Wherein the counſell,
Of thoſe that can tell,
And in learning excell,
Would do verie well.
But if you enquire,
Of Maſſe-prieſt, or Frier,
To heare what they will chatter

Concerning this matter,
They will anſwere anon,
And ſweare by Saint John,
That every one,
Of the Fleete that is goue,
Was holy and good,
Both in fleſh and blood.
And therefore obiect,
That they could not infect,
Neither fiſh, nor ſeas,
With any diſeaſe.
But leaue to the myre,
Both Prieſt, and Frier,
Or elſe to the fire,
For each is a lyer.
And touching the queſtion,
Know this that diſgeſtion,
Wherſoeuer it be found,
In things that be ſound,
Is of ſuch operation,
That it maketh ſeparation,
Of the bad from the beſt,
And neuer doth reſt,
Untill in the ende,
It doth cleane away ſend,
That which doth offend.
And what can be found,
Either ſimple or compound,
Than a fiſh more ſound?
Then doubt not I pray you,
Let nothing diſmay you,
Or trouble, or fray you,
If fiſh be well dreſt,
And your ſtomackes not oppreſt,
You neede them not deteſt,
Howſoeuer they are fed,
Or whereſoeuer they are bred.
For both Frogs and Snailes,

And Wallards and Quayles,
Though on poyſon they feede,
And many a weede,
And dangerous ſeede,
Both to man and beaſt:
Yet ſith they them diſgeſt,
They do no man harme,
Be they colde or warme.
Wherefore as is ſayd,
Be no more afrayd,
On ſea-fiſh to feede,
If them thou loue or neede.
But now I heare one ſay,
This queſtion might ſtay,
As needleſſe and vaine,
Becauſe it is plaine,
That the Devill of hell,
Loued Spaniards ſo well,
That he carried them all,
Both great and ſmall,
Either dead, or quicke,
Through thinne and thicke,
Both bodie, and ſoule,
To his pinnefole,
As the place appoynted,
For the Popes annoynted.

FINIS.

Ad Regem Hiſpanum.

Cum tua non fuerint heroica facta Philippe,
Riſu digna cano carmine ridiculo.

VI regis Hiſpanos
Superbos, & vanos,
Crudeles, & inſanos,
Multum aberraſti,
Cùm tuos animaſti,
Et bellum inchoaſti
Contra Anglos animoſos,
Fortes, & bellicoſos,
Nobiles, & generoſos,
Qui te excitavit,
Proculdubio deliravit,
Et te faſcinavit.
Nam omnes ſperabant,
Qui te amabant,
Ideóque iuuabant,
Multùm te valere
Viribus & ære,
Híſque reſpondere
Animum generoſum,
Caput tuum annoſum,
Et pectus animoſum.
Sed nunc cernentes,
Et conſpicientes,
Licet dolentes,
Omnes tuas copias
Redactas ad inopias,
Migraſſe ad Vtopias,
Stupent, & mirantur,
Plurimùm vexantur,
Et penè exanimantur.
At *Angli* & *Germani*,
Qui ſunt Antihiſpani,
Et omnes mente ſani,
De tuâ ruinâ,
Quâ pœnâ divinâ,

Turba-

Turbaris ad ima,
Valde lætantur,
Et exhilarantur,
Sibíque gratulantur,
Quod ſtultitia detecta,
Vi tua reiecta,
Et re infecta,
Ignominiam nactus,
Es in fugam actus,
Et funditus fractus.
Poſt tantos clamores,
Sumptus, & labores,
Mundíque terrores,
Sed veſtros errores.
Non ſapuiſti,
Inquiunt iſti,
Quando ceciniſti,
Ante victoriam,
Falſam victoriam,
Et planè ingloriam:
Anglos ſuperatos,
Prorſus ſubiugatos,
Et ad vnum enecatos,
Cum contrà conſpectis,
Hoſtibus, & detectis,
Animis deiectis,
Illico trepidantes,
Et minime ovantes,
Vt animas exhalantes,
Ob ignis horrorem,
Qui vobis pavorem,
Incuſsit, & timorem,
Fuga matura,
Per maria obſcura,
Aſpera & dura,
Vobis conſuluiſtis,
Vt bene noviſtis,
Probéque meminiſtis,

Licet

Licet ſine honore,
Non ſine rubore,
Mundíque ſtupore.
O Angliæ everſores,
O præclari victores,
O promeriti honores!
Sic ſæpe redite,
Quoties libet venite,
Et *Anglos punite.*
Sic operam impendite,
Sic agros divendite,
Et ſic naves incendite.
Quis vnquam cogitaſſet,
Niſi ipſa confirmaſſet
Res, & probaſſet,
Patres tam acutos,
Subtiles, & aſtutos,
Calidos, & naſutos,
Vel prorſus neglexiſſe,
Aut parum advertiſſe,
Aut non ſatis perſenſiſſe,
Argumentum a minore,
Quod ſuo ſummo cum honore,
Magnóque veſtro cum dolore,
Draco vobis nectebat,
Cum vos vt decebat,
Pro meritis affligebat,
Cum vobiſcum diſputabat,
Vrbes expugnabat,
Et ſingula vaſtabat.
Nam ſi ab vno *Dracone*,
Puſillo homuncione,
Tanquam a crabrone,
A vobis excitato,
Paucis ſtipato,
Et vix armato,
Ita eſtis icti,
Vexati, & afflicti,

Supe-

Ad Hiſpanum.

Superati & victi.
Non erat ſapientis,
Compotis mentis,
Aut dialecticam callentis,
Angliam oppugnare,
Et ridiculè irritare,
Quæ poteſt ſuppeditare,
Non paucos Dracones,
Plurimos ſcorpiones,
Et innumeros crabrones,
Quorum nullus recuſabit,
Aut *Hiſpanum* declinabit,
Cum res ipſa poſtulabit:
Sed ſe virum vult præſtare,
Tam per terram, quàm per mare
Vbi licet provocare:
Licet Domini Inquiſitores,
Evangelij oſores,
Et patriæ proditores,
Cum anteſignano
Suo Romano,
Et Antichriſtiano,
Iſta ridebunt,
Pro fabulis tenebunt,
Et pro ioco habebunt.
Quia ſunt elati,
Tumidi, & inflati,
Et prorſus excæcati.
Verùm hoc lugete,
Vlulate & flete,
Trepidate, & rimete,
Viuere virunculum,
Valere homunculum,
Et ſtrenuum Dracunculum,
Quem Deus excitavit,
Ab vtero ſegregavit,
Et in hoc educavit,
Vt manum extendat,

Eccle-

Eccleſiam defendat,
Et vobis rependat
Sanguinem Sanctorum,
Nec non Indorum,
A vobis occiſorum,
Et iam arma prendere,
Naves conſcendere,
Et ad vos contendere.
Et ſic ô Rex valeto,
Mihíque præbeto
Aures, & caveto,
A fundo, & lapillo,
Sagitta, & bacillo,
Draconis puſillo:
Ne te cogat plorare,
Palinodiam cantare,
Et turpiter exclamare,
Ob amiſſos honores,
Sumptus, & labores,
Et Indiæ cultores,
O ſi ſciuiſſem,
Aut ſaltem credidiſſem,
Me continuiſſem,
Nec Papam amaſſem,
Nec filium necaſſem,
Nec Deum irritaſſem:
Et tunc te accuſabunt,
Salsè ſubſannabunt,
Et hæreticum clamabunt,
Examina monſtrorum,
Turba monachorum,
Fratrum, & ſororum,
Et omnium Deorum
Deo exoſorum,
Per omnia ſecula ſeculorum.

FINIS.